LITTLE FEET.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Making melody so sweet;
Music we all love to hear,
Charming to the list'ning ear;
Never weary in the light,
Tireless in the shades of night;
Restless little feet at play,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Chasing butterflies so neat,
O'er the fragrant lawn and lea,
Busy as the toiling bee;
Dancing where the sunbeams fall,
Running quick at papa's call;
Happy, sportive at your play,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
'Mong the roses blooming sweet,
Where the robin sings his lay
And the precious children play;
Summer skies above the glow
Bright as baby's eyes below,
Winsome little feet that stray,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Straying where the brooklets meet,
Flitting o'er the meadows fair,
Seeking pleasure everywhere;
Fondly answ'ring love's sweet call,
Bringing bliss of life to all.
Precious little feet at play,
Patter, patter all the day.

—Theodore D. C. Miller in New York Weekly.

TWICE TEN YEARS.

I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. The carriage stood at the door that was to take me back to school for the spring term. My mother gave me innumerable instructions, smoothed my collar and adjusted my cap on my head properly, then gave me a kiss and stood looking wistfully at me as I went down the walk and got into the carriage.

A month or two later—it was in June, I think—after a hard struggle one afternoon with some figures, all about a ship and a cargo and the profit and all that, I went out to join the boys. When I reached the play ground they were gone, and there was nothing for me to do but amuse myself as best I could. I strolled around the house with my hands in my pockets (which my mother had told me distinctly I must not do), and suddenly remembering her instructions took them out again; then, for want of better amusement, I began to whistle.

Next to the school there was a pretty cottage separated from the school house by a board fence. The two houses were not 100 feet apart, and I could look right through under the trees, and there on the croquet ground stood a girl, a trifle younger than myself, looking straight at me.

Now, when a boy suddenly finds himself observed by a girl he feels very queer. I remember that very well. My hands went right into my pockets, but remembering that was not the correct thing to do in the presence of a girl I took them directly out again. Then I concluded that it would be a good way to show how little I was embarrassed by turning twice around on my heel, a movement on which I greatly prided myself. After that I don't remember now—it was so long ago—what new capers I cut. But one thing is very certain. I was soon hunting for something I pretended to have lost in the grass beside the fence.

"If it's your knife you've lost," I heard a little voice say, "it isn't there. I picked up a knife there a week ago, but it was all rusty and no good."

"Oh, never mind," I said, looking up into two eyes away back in a sunbonnet, "it wasn't much of a knife anyway, and I've got another."

"Are you one of the boys at the school?"

"Yes."

"What reader are you in?"

"The Fourth."

"Do you study geography?"

"Yes."

"What's the capital of the United States?"

I scratched my head.

"I don't remember that," I admitted reluctantly. "I'm first rate on capitals, but I can't recollect that one."

"Why didn't you go off with the boys?"

"I was behind with my sums. I expect they've gone to the river. I like the woods pretty well, they're full of squirrels."

"And snakes," she added.

"I'm not afraid of snakes."

"And lizards."

"Nor lizards. I suppose you're afraid to go there."

"No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and are afraid, I don't mind going along, just to keep off snakes and things."

She looked wistfully out at the wood. I can see her now leaning on her mallet, deliberating—if such a process can be called deliberation where the conclusion is predetermined—the straight, lithe figure poised between the mallet and one foot, one little leg crossed on the other—peering out at the forest. Suddenly, without any warning, she dropped the mallet and started for the wood.

We were not long in crossing the field and were walking in the dense shade when she stopped, and looking at me with her expressive eyes said:

"How still it is in here! It seems to me I can almost hear it be still."

"Yes, it is pretty solemn," I replied. "Let's go on; the river winds around down there and we can see the water go over the dam."

I heard a distant voice calling "Julia." It was very faint; she did not hear it; I stood a moment hesitating.

"Come, let's go," I said, starting forward.

"Julia," I heard again, more faintly than before.

I hurried her on, fearing she would hear the voice and turn back.

Presently we emerged from the wood and stood by the river. I was familiar with the ground, and led my little friend directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk out on that dam," I said.

"I'd be afraid."

"But you're only a girl; a boy oughtn't to be afraid." With that I started boldly out, occasionally standing on one foot and performing sundry antics to show what a brave boy I was. Then I came part way back and called to her to come.

"Oh, no," she said; "I'm afraid."

"Afraid! You little goose! with me to hold on to?"

Betwixt her fear and a disposition pliable to a boy older and stronger than herself, it was not long before I was leading her out on the dam.

"Don't you see it's nothing?" I said.

She shrank back as I led her along. I determined that she should go to a point where the water poured over a portion of the dam lower than the rest. I turned my back to step up on the post. It was but a moment. I heard a cry, and saw Julia in the flood. The expression that was in her eyes is to this day stamped clearly on my memory—an expression of mingled reproach and forgiveness.

I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes, but not a second had elapsed before I was in the flood.

I swam and struggled and buffeted to reach her; all in vain. An eddy whirled me in a different direction. My strength was soon exhausted. I was borne down the river, sinking and rising, till I came to a place where I caught a glimpse as I came to the surface of a man running along some planks extending into the river and raised above the water on posts. My feet became entangled in weeds. I sank. I heard a great roaring in my ears, then oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my back. I remember the first thing I saw was a light cloud sailing over the clear blue. There was an air of quiet and peace in it that contrasted with my own sensations. Then I saw a man on his knees beside something he was rubbing. I turned my head aside and saw it was a little figure—a girl, Julia. She was cold and stark.

My agony was far greater than when I had plunged after her into the stream. Then I hoped and believed that if she were drowned I would be also. Now I saw her beside me lifeless, and I lived.

Then some men came, and the man who was rubbing Julia said to them, "Take care of the boy; the girl is too far gone." They took me up and carried me away and laid me for awhile on a bed in a strange house. Then I was driven to the school.

The next day my father came and took me home. I was ill after that, too ill to ask about Julia, but when I recovered what a load was taken from my mind to know that by dint of rubbing and rolling and a stimulant she had been brought to and had recovered. I also learned that the man who cared for us had seen Julia fall and had rescued her. When I saw him running along the planks it was to his boat chained to the end.

That summer my father removed with his family to the Pacific coast. He was obliged to wait some time for my recovery, but at last I was able to travel, and left without again seeing the little girl whom I had led into danger. I only heard that I had been blamed by every one.

* * * * * *

Ten years passed, during which I was constantly haunted by one idea; that was to go back to New England, find Julia and implore her forgiveness. The years that I must be a boy and dependent seemed interminable. At last I came of age and received a small fortune that had fallen to me, and as soon as the papers in the case were duly signed and sealed I started east.

It was just about the same time of the year and the same hour of the afternoon as when I first saw Julia that I walked into the old school grounds. I had fully intended to go in next door and call for her, but my courage failed me. I had heard nothing of her for years. Was she dead? Was she living? Was she in her old home, or far away? These thoughts chased each other through my mind and I dreaded to know.

I was standing at the school entrance with my hand on the bell when I heard a door in the next house open and then shut. From that moment I could feel that Julia was near me. She came out of the house a slender, graceful girl of nineteen, and picking up a croquet mallet commenced to knock the balls about I wanted to make myself known, but dreaded the horror with which she would regard me when she should know who I was.

"I beg pardon," I said, raising my hat, "can you tell me if the school is still there?" pointing to the house.

"It was moved some years ago," she replied, regarding me with the old honest gaze.

"I was one of the scholars."

"Indeed!" She spoke without any further encouragement for me to go on.

"I see the wood has not been cut away," I added, glancing toward it.

"No, it does not seem to be."

"Were you ever there?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"And is that old dam still across the river?"

"I believe it is."

"Were you ever on the dam?"

She looked at me curiously. I went on without waiting for a reply:

"Would you mind showing me the way to it? It is a long while since I was there."

She drew herself up with a slight hauteur. Then thinking that perhaps I was unaccustomed to the conventional ways of civilized life, she said pleasantly:

"You have only to walk through the wood straight back of the house and you will come to it."

"Thank you," I replied, "but I hoped you would show me the way."

She looked puzzled.

"Miss Julia," I said, altering my tone, "I once met you when I was a boy here at school."

"I knew a number of the scholars," she said, more interested; "who may you be?"

I dreaded to tell her. "If you will pilot me to the dam," I said, "I will inform you."

She thought a moment, then turned and looked out at the wood. With the quick motion with which she had made the same move as a child she started forward.

We walked side by side to the wood, through it and out on the river bank. There was the water and the dam; everything as it had been.

"Did you ever try to walk out there?" I asked.

"Once, when I was a child, I came here with a boy, and we walked to where the water pours over. I met with an accident. I fell in."

"The boy overpersuaded you, I suppose?"

It was difficult for me to conceal a certain trepidation at the mention of my fault.

"No, I went of my own accord."

"He certainly must have been to blame. He was older and stronger than you."

"On the contrary," she said, with a slight rising irritation, "he jumped after me like the noble little fellow that he was."

I turned away on pretense of examining a boat down the river.

"At any rate he must have begged your forgiveness on his bended knees for permitting you to go into such a danger."

"I never saw him again. He went away."

I fancied—at least I hoped—I could detect a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"I have often wished," she went on, "that he would come back, as the other scholars sometimes do, as you are now, and let me tell him how much I thank him for his noble effort."

"Julia," I said, suddenly turning and facing her, "this is too much. I am that boy. I led you into the wood. I forced you to go out on the dam with me. I permitted you to fall in."

"And more than atoned for all by risking your life to save me!"

Ah, that look of surprised delight which accompanied her words! It was worth all my past years of suffering, of fancied blame; for in it I read how dearly she held the memory of the boy who had at least shared the danger for which he was responsible.

I do not remember if she grasped my hand or I grasped hers. At any rate we stood hand in hand looking into each other's faces.

I blessed the Providence that ended my punishment; I blessed the good fortune that had led me to a knowledge of the kindly heart beside me. Of all the moments of my life I still count it far the happiest.

Then we walked back through the woods, over the intervening field, and stood together leaning against the fence between the old school and her home.

* * * * * *

We did not part after that for another ten years. Then she left me to go whence I can never recall her. Yet there is a trysting place in the woods, through which we once passed as children, and often afterward as lovers. There I watch the flecked sunlight and mark the silence; and it seems to me that I can "hear it be still." More than that, I know the pure soul looks at me through the honest eyes.—F. A. Mitchel.

A Positive Hint.

A man can be more politely insulted in Paris than in any city in the world. A gentleman who undertook to speak in public there expressed himself in such a low tone of voice that the audience were unable to hear him. He was lecturing upon a geographical subject, and copies of a map about three feet square had been generally distributed.

Presently one of the audience rolled up his map in the form of a very long attenuated lamplighter, inserted the small end in his ear and turned the other end toward the speaker. It was a rather ludicrous performance, but not a laugh was heard among the polite assemblage. In two minutes, however, every map in the audience was turned into an ear trumpet, and the speaker saw himself confronted with a sort of mammoth porcupine, whose nearest quills almost touched him. He at once spoke louder. —Exchange.

The Figure "4" in Grevy's Life.

The figure "4" was curiously associated with the life of the late French president. M. Grevy died after four days' illness, four years after his removal from the presidency, at the age of eighty-four. He lived under four sovereigns in the earlier part of his life. Then came the revolution of 1848, and four governments then succeeded each other before he was elected president. Lastly, he died under the fourth president of the present republic. M. Grevy, when in practice at the bar, received the largest fee ever paid counsel during this century. He held the lucky brief for his friend, M. Dreyfus, in the great guano lawsuit, and was paid altogether £40,000. Not even the aggregate fees paid Sir John Duke Coleridge (now Lord Coleridge) in the Tichborne trial approached this splendid fee.—London Tit-Bits.

Enterprising Advertising.

A firm on Fourteenth street, in the busiest shopping neighborhood, has introduced a novel advertisement. A painted theatrical ocean is constructed on the roof of one house, while the roof of the adjoining building, being a little higher, serves as the shore. On this shore a man attired as the lone fisherman sits and industriously goes through the pantomime of fishing. Now and then he works the lines of a miniature sailboat, causing the latter to skim the mimic sea. All of this attracts the attention of thousands of people on the opposite walk. For fear, however, that some might go by without seeing it, a hired confederate of the lone fisherman saunters along the walk and gazes upward. It is human nature to stop and look at anything anybody else is looking at. Result, crowds of curious gazers.—New York Herald.

A Conscientious Oysterman.

Tourist—I have always understood that oysters are not good in months without an r.

Oysterman—Well, most gen'rally they ain't.

Tourist—When do you begin gathering them?

Oysterman—In Orgust.—Good News.

About Furnaces.

In placing your furnace in your new house, always remember that lateral pipes never give out much heat. The hot air must invariably ascend to produce a current, and therefore we see very often a register in the third story giving out splendid heat, when in the extension library, where warmth is particularly desired, the air of the room is hardly affected at all. In a large country house it would really be better to have two small furnaces rather than one large one. Less coal would be used to more purpose, and they would not be much more troublesome to tend than is one. But if you have two, do not make the mistake of putting them side by side, as was done in a very large house near New York. This simply intensified the heat in the same part of the house without carrying it into the wings, where it was chiefly needed.—New York Tribune.

An Aeronaut's Experience.

A story is told of the thrilling experience of a veteran aeronaut with a bald eagle and a Connecticut constable. During a recent ascension, when at a height of 3,000 feet, the balloonist was attacked by the eagle. A desperate fight ensued, which resulted in the eagle being killed. Half fainting, the aeronaut descended to terra firma. When he had recovered he hunted for and found the dead bird. While he was examining his prize the constable came along and arrested him for killing the bird, for which offense, he claimed, a fine of $50 is imposed. The aeronaut, it is related, had more difficulty in escaping punishment than he had in killing the bird.—Boston Journal.

THE LITTLE RAT MULE.

DISAPPEARING FROM THE STREET RAILWAY SERVICE.

Where He Comes from and Whence He Is Going—What He Costs, Broken and Unbroken—A Hardy Little Brute—His Work and Years of Service.

How often one hears the remark, "Just look at those mules drawing that car; they look like rats." They have thus become known very generally as little rat mules, and the description is a good one certainly. Many of them don't look much larger than a good sized billy goat, being so small that they are hidden from the people in the car by the dashboard in front. It certainly does look cruel to make them pull a car loaded down with people, a load that would strain powerful horses on an up grade. It is like a great many other things, however.

It is cruel only in appearance. The little mule is equal to this and much more. If the car would hold more people he and his mate would pull it any place, and on a level would take it skipping along so fast that you would almost begin to think no other motive power was required to realize rapid transit. He has endurance, speed and strength, and thrives where an animal more hardy and stronger in appearance would soon die. In rapid motion he goes by jumps and jerks, but he accomplishes the desired result, and is one of the most serviceable animals to be had in the street railway business.

He is, however, rapidly disappearing, giving way to mechanical motors. As the old darky said when he saw the electric cars, "The Yankees is great people; they wa'nt satisfied ter free de nigga, and now they've done gone and freed de mules." That is about the case. In St. Louis, for instance, the little rat mules—and, for that matter, the larger mule and the horse—are few in number, not one in thirty for those employed as recently as three years ago. With our increase in population, new industries, etc., this is a somewhat remarkable statement, but it is correct.

The little rat mule is a peculiar animal. Born and raised in the southwest, Texas and Mexico, he is now going to the south and southeast for service on the plantations. In the very recent past, when all the street cars were drawn by horses and mules, the demand for them was very great for that purpose, but as things generally equalize themselves, so has the demand for horses and mules. The street railway companies which have changed to cable or electric motor power have generally disposed of their live stock to very fair advantage, though there are still on hand some of the little rat mules that are unused.

This little animal is one of some value, though he does not look it. Twenty dollars would be a very fair valuation, but in fixing that estimate you would be away off the mark. Unbroken he commands considerable more than that. The cheapest lot that ever came to St. Louis, probably, was one of 200, the price paid for them being a few cents less than twenty-six dollars per head, but they were unbroken. He is a stubborn little brute, and there is considerable labor in breaking him so he can be put ahead of a bobtail and trusted to the average driver. Thus broken he has a value of sixty to seventy-five dollars.

One would naturally suppose that his raiser would break him, and get his enhanced price, but, as a rule, he has come to the St. Louis railroads as wild as could be, and also as stubborn, but the employees of the companies have had a great deal of fun in breaking them in and reducing them to tractability. They have also had some exciting experiences, too, as the little fellow has heels quite as serviceable as his larger relative, and he knows how to use them too. You have got to look out for them, and you have got to put some muscle into use when you think you have an easy task to hold them with the lines. This is not at all easy sometimes, as he has strength and frequently a very hard mouth—hard enough to pull a bobtail car by it with the traces slackened.

It has been said that it seems cruel to run these little fellows to a street car loaded down with passengers. To the contrary, there are few animals which have an easier life. The pulling of the car is nothing to them. They can laugh at that and grow fat. Twenty-five to thirty miles a day for them is nothing at all, and that is about what they cover, with rests between trips. Through with their day's work, they are turned into a big yard, where they run and roll as they please. They never die, or at least the employees of the street railways never hear of their dying. When they approach that period of life they are sold or sent off to the farm, where they may still be of some use.

They are aged before that time comes, however. There are, for instance, little rat mules as much as 20 or 25 years old still in service here, and some which have been in the service twelve and fifteen years. And still they are, to all appearances, good for several years yet. They are as strong and active as ever, apparently, and will likely a year from now start in for a second life on a southern plantation. This is a long time for an animal to tramp over granite and other kinds of paving, through mud and in all kinds of weather, but the limit has seemingly never been reached with this hardy little fellow. He might be subjected to twice as much, possibly, and still not fall under it.

In addition to performing service equal to that of the horse or the large mule, the little rat mule is one of the easiest animals known in the care required. It might, in fact, be said that he really does not require any care. He flourishes best when allowed to rough it. He is, of course, fed grain and hay, but he is not in the least fastidious about his food, as is the horse, and in the absence of anything else would probably manage to live on old boot legs. He likes nothing better than to run to fodder and cheap food.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The old saw "it's a poor rule that won't work both ways," is good enough but it don't always work. For instance: it costs $1.10 to travel on the West Side train from Derry to Corvallis, but from Corvallis to Derry the charge is $1.05. One fellow must be ahead a nickel on each passenger between those points or the other fellow is out that much, the scribe don't give a nickel which.—Valley Transcript.

Binder Twine.

M'CORMICK BINDERS

----AND----

MOWERS

--AT--

R M. WADE & CO.'S.

THE OREGON LAND CO.

—WITH ITS HOME OFFICE AT—

SALEM, - - - OREGON,

In the Gray Block, corner Liberty and State streets., branch office in Portland,

Makes a specialty of Sunnyside fruit tracts near Salem. Will sell 5, 10 or 20 acre lots at $50 to $60 per acre---small cash payment---long time balance. Send for particulars.

"FORFAR,"

The Finest Summer Resort

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

"Forfar" is situated half way between Newport and Seal Rocks and is well protected from the coast wind. From any point on this property one can obtain

A VIEW OF THE OCEAN AND BEACH

For miles in either direction, including Seal Rocks to the south and the entrance to Yaquina Harbor, Newport and Cape Foulweather to the north.

Just The Place for the Business Man to Spend the Summer Vacation with his Family.

Fine Drives; a Beautiful Park. Teams always in readiness for the accomodation of guests.

Lots 50x135 feet, for building purposes, $25. Lots 135x135 feet choice property, from $100 to $200

For Further Information Address,

WILLIAM GRANT,
Newport, Oregon

A WARNING—DON'T USE BIG WORDS.

In promulgating esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your statements possess a clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency and a concentrated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. In trying to impress upon others the superiority of the Wisconsin Central Lines, and why you and so many others use this thoroughfare from St. Paul and Minneapolis and Duluth and Ashland to Milwaukee, Chicago and points east and south, it is not necessary to use jawbreakers. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloqual verbosity and vandiloquent vapidity, shun double entendres, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscurent or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, naturally, sensibly, and truthfully say the Wisconsin Central Lines is THE route, and that ends it.

This office has been favored with a complete catalogue and price list of the Evergreen Nurseries, of Evergreen, Wis. This nursery is well known throughout the west, having been many years established. The proprietor, Mr. Geo. Pinney, has probably distributed more evergreens and forest trees through this state than any other man in the country. Although he raises and sells millions of forest trees annually, his specialty is evergreens. He plants hundreds of pounds of the seeds every year, and now has nearly three hundred varieties on his lists, fully equalling the largest nurseries in Europe, which supply the nurseries and parks of royalty. Of course, having such a large trade and growing them in such large quantities, he is able to give better prices for the same quality of trees than any other nurseryman in the country. It is well worth the while of any person to send for his lists.

THE GARDNER
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

Is the place to get fine pictures. Where cabinet photographs are made for $2.00 a dozen. All other sizes of pictures made up as large as 10x12 inches. No charge made for work that does not give satisfaction. Gallery on Ninth St., bet. Madison and Monroe, near walk leading to agricultural college.

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

WOODBURN NURSERY.

The Largest Stock in the Northwest.

1¾ Million of Trees!

—ALL THE—

LEADING VARIETIES

Of Fruit, Shade, Ornamental, Nut and Evergreen Trees.

Vines and Shrubbery.

Send for Catalogue and Price List to

J. H. SETTLEMIRE,
WOODBURN, OR.

F. M. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CORVALLIS, OR.

Does a general practice in all the courts. Also agent for all the first-class insurance companies.

G. R. FARRA, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Special attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. Office up stairs in Crawford & Farra's brick. Office hours, 8 to 9 a. m. and and from 2 to 7 p. m.

OFFICIAL GUIDE
—TO THE—
WORLD'S FAIR AND CHICAGO
NOW READY.

Nearly 400 pages, size 9x15 inches. Elegantly printed. Handsomely bound in silk cloth, embossed in gold. Superbly illustrated with magnificent representations of all the mammoth World's Fair Buildings. Each building a full page colored plate, executed in eight oil colors at a cost of nearly

FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

Many photographic views of Chicago, including a superb bird's-eye view of the entire city, size 15x25 inches. The crowning feature is a grand cyclorama picture, Bird's-eye View of the Exposition Grounds and Buildings, in eight oil colors, size 9x18 inches, positively dazzling in magnificence, revealing what will cost over $20,000,000.

The book is for the millions who contemplate visiting Chicago in 1893. It will be purchased by the millions who cannot go, but who will desire to know just what their friends are seeing.

The Chance of a Life-Time.

AGENTS WANTED. Act quick and you can make hundreds of dollars. We want an agent in every town to circulate this book. Exclusive territory given. IT SELLS AT SIGHT. Agents are meeting with unparalleled success. One agent cleared $450 in 9 days; another reports 320 orders the first week.

Books on 30 days' credit. Liberal terms. Write for full particulars, or to secure the agency instantly, send only 72 cents for an elegant and complete canvassing outfit.

Address the sole general agents for this State

Pacific Publishing Co.,
1236 Market St., San Francisco, Cal

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

CURES Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Asthma, and every affection of Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Speedy and permanent. Genuine signed

A. HODES,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
CORVALLIS BAKERY
And Dealer in
Staple and Fancy Groceries,
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Crackers, Etc., kept constantly on hand.
Corvallis, - - Oregon.

CORVALLIS
ICE WORKS
Corner A and Third Sts.,
JOHN ZEIS, PROPRIETOR.

ARTIFICIAL ICE

Of the best quality supplied in any quantity at reasonable rates to any point in the valley.

FREE DELIVERY

To any part of the city.

EAST AND SOUTH
VIA
SOUTHERN PACIFIC ROUTE

Shasta Line.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

SOUTH.		NORTH	
Lv Portland	7:00 p. m.	Lv San Frisco	7:00 pm
Lv Albany	10:23 p. m.	Lv Albany	4:23 am
Ar San Frisco	8:15 a.m.	Ar Portland	7:35 a m

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg, East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene.

Roseburg Mail Daily.

Lv Portland	8:30 a. m.	Lv Roseburg	7.00 a. m
Ar Roseburg	5:50 p m	Ar Portland	4:30 p m

Albany Local Daily Except Sunday.

LEAVE:		ARRIVE:	
Portland	5:00 p. m.	Albany	9:00 p. m
Albany	6:30 a. m.	Portland	10:30 a. m

Lebanon Branch.

2:36 p m	Lv...Albany	Ar	9:25 p m
3:25 p m	Ar...Lebanon	Lv	8:40 p m
7:30 a m	Lv...Albany	Ar	4:26 p m
8:22 a m	Ar...Lebanon	Lv	3:30 p m
Lv Albany	12:45 p. m.	Lv Albany	12:30 p m

—Pullman Buffet Sleepers:—

SECOND-CLASS SLEEPING CARS,

For the accommodation of passengers holding second-class tickets, attached to express trains.

West Side Division.
BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.

Mail Train. Daily Except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	7:30 a. m.	Corvallis	12:10 p. m
Corvallis	12:55 p. m.	Portland	5:30 p. m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific Railroad.

Express Train. Daily Except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	4:20 p. m.	McMinnville	7.25 p. m
McMinnville	8:45 a. m.	Portland	8:20 a. m

Through Tickets to all Points East and South.

For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps etc., call on company's agent at Corvallis.

E. P ROGERS, Asst. G. F. & P Agent.
R. KOEHLER Manager, Portland, Oregon.

ROOFING

GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING FELT costs only $2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for years, and anyone can put it on. Send stamp for sample and full particulars.

GUM ELASTIC ROOFING Co.
70 & 72 West Broadway, New York.
Local Agents Wanted.

THE
YAQUINA ROUTE,

Oregon Pacific Railroad
T. E. Hogg, Receiver, and
Oregon Development Co.'s

STEAMSHIP LINE.

235 Miles Shorter; 20 Hours Less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco, Cal.

TIME SCHEDULE (except Sundays.)

Leaves Albany 1:00 p. m	Leaves Yaquina 6:45 a. m
Leave Corvallis 1:40 p. m.	Leave Corvallis 10:35 "
Arrive Yaquina 5:30 p. m	Arrive Albany 11:20 a. m.

Oregon & California trains connect at Albany and Corvallis. The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Development Co.'s line of steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

From Yaquina.

Steamship "Willamette Valley," June 11th, 22d, July 1st.

From San Francisco.

Steamship "Willamette Valley," June 17th, 27th

This Company reserves the right to change dates without notice.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and Willamette valley points can make close connection with the trains of the Yaquina route at Albany or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and freight rates always the lowest. For information apply to D. W. Cummins, freight and ticket agent, Corvallis, or to C. C. HOGUE,
Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Pacific Railroad Co., Corvallis, Or.

W. B. WEBSTER.
Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery St., S. F., Cal.